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Lyric Poem about Four Spirits

In the realm of myth and time, where legends twine and fables chime, there stand the Four, both fierce and kind, guardians of the quarters assigned. To the north, the Black Tortoise, steady and sure, holds the winter's cold and the night's allure. The Vermilion Bird to the south takes flight, with summer's flame and the day's bright light.

The White Tiger in the west does prowl, with autumn's wind and a hunter's growl. And the Azure Dragon in the east does rise, with spring's bloom and the dawn's surprise. Together they stand, the celestial four, amidst the stars, the myths they bore.

In the heavens, they chart the course, of sun and moon without remorse. On earth, they guard the sacred lands, with power that flows through ancient sands. In hearts, they stir the courage deep, the dreams that come when we're asleep.

In stories told by fire's glow, where the winds of heaven ceaselessly blow, the spirits dance in an endless waltz, beyond the grasp of human faults. They whisper truths that we must learn, for wisdom's flame shall always burn.

In the tapestry of time they're weaved, by those who've loved and those who've grieved. For every spirit, beast, or kin, has a tale of where they've been. The Four Spirits, a symbol, a guide, in their strength, we take pride.

For they teach us balance, grace, and might, in the darkest depth and the highest height. They show us that in every turn, there's a lesson that we must discern. So let us honor these spirits four, for in their essence, there's much more.

They are the keepers of our fate, in their presence, we contemplate. The cycle of life, the dance of stars, the silent music of who we are. In the Four Spirits, we find our place, in the vast cosmos, a saving grace.

So look to the sky, or within your heart, for there you'll find them, never apart. They are with us, they are we, in the Four Spirits, we are free.